A U M

Use the light that is in you to revert to your natural clearness of sight. Then the loss of the body is unattended by calamity. —*Tao Te King*

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PRINCIPLE OF DISCERNMENT

SAVE for the illumination provided by the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, to look backward into the past of the Theosophical Movement is almost as difficult as looking into the future. The more one reads in *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine,* the clearer it becomes that a common thread of truth, now hidden, now manifest, unites all the great religions and philosophies of the past; but at the same time it is borne in upon the student that, without the "master-key" of these books, he would be as a child playing in the sands of intellectual and moral history, finding now and then bright pebbles, or occasionally even gems, but never the continuous substratum of the Wisdom Religion. One may know, or think he knows, the principles, but to be able to understand the strange windings of evolution and psychic development, to the point of recognizing and identifying, as does H.P.B., the unbroken line of occult teaching—this is a task for much more than "students."

It is the breadth of the Theosophical movement which protects it from sectarian isolation. Diverse figures in history are identified by H.P.B. as having a role in this great work, and sometimes the reconciliation of their tasks and achievements with the high intentions of the movement requires many hours of reflection. In the eighteenth century were Paine and Saint-Germain, Saint-Martin, Cagliostro, and Mesmer. Politics, mysticism, magic, masonry, medicine, and psychology were the broad fields touched and quickened by these workers; and then, in the nineteenth century, with the soil thus prepared, came a teacher directly concerned with ethics, brotherhood, and with the planting in the

world of the seed of Western Occultism. We know something of the fruits of the work of H. P. Blavatsky, but of the full measure of what she may have accomplished, we know nothing, really. In these days of the anxiety, even the agony, of the world, we see only the pain of uncertainty and the fear which creeps into the minds of people everywhere; of the secret letting go of old illusions, of the slow growth of new perceptions, of the birth of another kind of knowledge of man's hidden nature, we have only the slightest of evidence—surely not enough to make any predictions as to what is to come. Predictions we can leave to the psychic prophets, the bright-eyed readers of invisible scrolls and the listeners to sectarian revelations. They will fill the air with sounds and wonders, no matter what we say.

One thing seems certain, however. The discoveries or rediscoveries that are to come, will come largely from within. That is, the great need of the age is for the twin qualities of self-reliance and a sense of responsibility, and these arise from inward strength alone, however complemented and verified by traditional forms of help and instruction. From the viewpoint of the ego, the principal characteristic of this period of history is the breakdown of external authority. The terrible reaction in world affairs, leading to the rise of omnipotent state power and the corresponding devaluation of the individual, can be little more than a large-scale psychic compensation for the steady decline of familiar forms of authority in religion and politics. The only help that can come to mankind in this disastrous situation is from the depths of inward strength, however it may be drawn to the surface by those who are skilled in education of wondrous caliber and degree.

The literature of the Theosophical Movement may be seen as the rich and varied matrix for this sort of natural development. The wider if less specific matrix of the best of modern thought, particularly psychological thought, holds what seems manifest promise of a similar independent development, as though a great convergence might some day unite both inner and outer lines of growth, so far as exoteric history and the present family of races is concerned. But as for this, we shall have to wait and see.

February is a month for recalling great principles of social organization concerned with freedom and order, with liberty and justice. It is a time of celebration of the achievements of the eighteenth century, and for Americans especially, of the founding of the United States of Amer-

ica. Many are the patriots who wonder how the inspiration of that advance in human dignity can be renewed. There are those who say that the current of that inspiration once flowed directly from an inward sensing, part knowledge, part intuition, of the nature and possibilities of human beings. This saying is no doubt right, just as it is also right to say that a fresh inspiration to the same high ends can now come only from an increase of that knowledge, and a further intensity of the intuition.

In the days to come, therefore, the rule of recognition will be the same as it has been in the past, and is today: "Wherever thought has struggled to be free, wherever spiritual ideas, as opposed to forms and dogmatism, have been promulgated, there the great movement is to be discerned."

Man the Measure

There is only one test of any political scheme or adventure in government. It is the quality of the human being produced by the political order and by the way of life occasioned by that order. Such materialistic arithmetic as the amount of electric power sold, the number of motor cars produced, and the immense potential of this and that means nothing whatever. A truce to these materialistic puffings of a materialistic heaven is vulgar, tedious, and empty in its conception.

But the human being? There you are. Is that human being a conscious member of a community and willing to do his best by it, has he honesty and courage, the reasonable public good manners which keep the experiment on the way it should go, has he a proper sense of the human decencies and is he seized upon now and then by his birthright of natural gaiety; has the man his quality of manhood and decision and the woman her immense and mystical power?

"Man the measure of all things," A good adage once the limits of its application are understood. Let's have it again on a few doorways and temple pediments.

—Henry Beston

KARMIC VISIONS

I

A CAMP filled with war-chariots, neighing horses and legions of long-haired soldiers. . . .

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance—his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee—justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbour:

"Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hands of Clovis!"

The captive, who stands between two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white dishevelled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

"Aye, King," she says, in a loud, ringing voice. "Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in open warfare, dagger, poison, and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!"[1]

"Ha, ha ha! . . . old hag of Hell," chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous sneer. "Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-

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NOTE.—This article by H. P. Blavatsky was first published in *Lucifer* for June, 1888, and was last printed in THEOSOPHY 35:4. In the same issue of *Lucifer* appeared her challenging "Theosophy or Jesuitism?" (reprinted in THEOSOPHY 42:389, 437). That these two major articles of hers are not unconnected will be seen by the prophecy which concludes the survey of Jesuitism.

[1] "The Nourishing" (Tacit., *Germ.* XI)—the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!"

"So, so," replies the Sybil. "All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Alemanni he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . . "

"Woman!" fiercely cries the King—"Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!" . . .

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

". . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . ."

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the "Holy One" of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

"I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! . . . May the Great Law avenge. . . ."

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim's throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

II

Time—the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in mankind—time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through aeons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father's kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honours; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all—what could the Soul-Ego desire more for the Form it dwelt in?

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows—the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

III

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dream-land amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its windows on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring. . . .

IV

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came—the invisible realms.

> How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
> The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
> How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—
> Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . .

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

V

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, rugged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their

granite breast to the fierce blows of the northwest wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sundial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop, and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

"Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!" sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. "Shall ever mine?"

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

"And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more," soliloquises the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset.

The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters—salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths. . . .

> Without a grave,
> Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown. . . .

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and consoling messages to those left behind. . . .

"One point gained, over those 'uncoffined and unknown'," is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . .

VI

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the seashore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on

its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But—

> When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
> When all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night. . . .

VII

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that overpowering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosom, tears and mental torture, all one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valorous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood; thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore. . . .

VIII

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The night-mare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls;

families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice praises to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained! . . .

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror. A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice—the voice of the Soul-Ego—saying in him:—

"Fame and victory are vainglorious words. . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed—wicked lies and blasphemy!". . .

"What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories!" . . . whispers the Soul in him. "A population clad in iron armour," it replies. "Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen's duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit, thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other? By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expecta-

tion. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm-cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . It comes nearer and nearer. . . . Oh woe and horror! . . . I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe's youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see—

> The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .

I will not hear—

> . . . . . robb'd mothers' shrieks
> While from men's piteous wounds and horrid gashes
> The lab'ring life flows faster than the blood! . . . .

IX

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colours the long hours of solitude and meditation; like the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns of this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest

amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise"; whither he now speeds to reign and —speeds to die.

X

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heartsore Form, to sleep. . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through aeons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. "Why does man suffer?" enquires the Soul-Ego. "Because he would become one," is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms,

on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. . . . It feels itself dying more than once in those forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beauteous Elves of Light into another body—the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus "Death" becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . .

"What is my Past?" enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norn sisters. "Why do I suffer?"

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognizes one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders. . . . Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

"What is my immediate Present?" asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

"The decree of Orlog is on thyself!" is the answer. "But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it."

"What is my Future?" asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn Sister, the Soul-Ego. "Is it to be for ever dark with tears, and bereaved of Hope?" . . .

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds istelf on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the

Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

"Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! . . . Oh, never more. . . ."

XI

Strange sight and change. . . . The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds *himself* as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know,* those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity," chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy—miscalled *Patriotism*—exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences—social and religious—all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and

the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration! . . .

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body. . . . Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. . . . Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

"NEW ERA: 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNO-VRIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD...."

He makes a strong effort and—is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days—in his own country, at least.

. . . . . .

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction—ready for the battlefield.

SANJNA

HIDDEN HINTS IN THE SECRET DOCTRINE

IV

(From p. 160 to p. 184, Vol. I.)

MARS AND MERCURY bear an occult relation to the earth which will not be explained. *Vol. I, p. 163.* This is not because no explanation exists, but because, as said (*p. 164, footnote*), these explanations belong to high grades of initiation.

FIGURES AND NUMBERS the key to the whole system; *I, 164, last line.* This has often been stated. Among the Jewish cabalists it is said that the Universe is built by number, weight, and measure, and that harmony is the law reigning over all. Now if the hint given be true, that figures and numbers *will not* be given for the above reasons, then it is useless for students to bother their minds about the occult meaning of numbers, as so many now do; for this occult meaning cannot be found without assistance.

VENUS IN HER 7TH ROUND. See italicized par. *on p. 165,* where it is said that that planet is in her last round. This must be her 7th. Hence the men there are as gods to us, and, if the argument from analogy is to be relied on, some of her great light must emanate from those beings and not all be from the sun.

MARS WITH TWO MOONS NOT HIS OWN. See *p. 165, ital. par.* This is taken from the letter by a Master who, replying to the query as to why Mercury and Venus have no satellites, says: "It is . . . because Mars has two satellites to which he has no right" and—for other reasons. That is, we infer that Mars absorbed these moons or dragged them off into his orbit at some time enormously distant and still keeps them. They cannot therefore stand to him in the same relation as our moon does to us. One of the "other reasons" may be that, Venus being in her 7th round, all vestiges of old moons have been sublimated and absorbed into her atmosphere.

ESOTERIC METAPHYSICS must be understood. *I, 169, last par.* This rule is laid down by the Adepts and is therefore of greater weight than if formulated by a student. It is useless to attempt to master the system

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NOTE.—This installment of "Hidden Hints" includes sections 4, 5, 6, published originally in the *Path* for May, June, July, 1881, and reprinted in THEOSOPHY for February, March, April, 1947.

on the lines of modern research, which at best are empirical, very faulty, and leading almost always to a materialization of the whole scheme. Metaphysics deals with the real because the ideal, and physical science with the phenomenal and therefore illusory and changeable.

EVOLUTION OF THE MONAD A BASIC PRINCIPLE. *I, 171, 1st line.* This is laid down with extreme clearness and should not be forgotten. It is not expanded so that inattentive minds may get it through much repetition, but it is postulated once for all. It is still altogether too customary for students to separate the Monads, first from the globes and then from the beings thereon. They cannot be thus divided off. All the globes and their objects are and ever will be monads in stages of evolution, just as we who now study the question are monads ourselves in other stages. The false notion should at once be discarded that there was a time when there were no monads on the globe but that there was here in waiting this ball of earth coming from no one knows where, and that later on monads arrived to occupy it.

If we carry out the principle laid down, then the globe is the creation of the monad; and when the globe is evolved, at once monads needing that experience enter into its corporeality to continue its existence. These later monads are those far behind in the race who will, in some succeeding period of evolution, be in a position to evolve on their own account some new globe in ages yet far distant, for the carrying on of the same process eternally. For, as a material object cannot spring out of nothing, neither can education or knowledge or ability to plan arise out of nothing, but must be based upon and flow from some prior experience or education. So it must be that even now there are monads encased in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms which have never been farther than that, and will during the remainder of the race evolution continue their education in those lower kingdoms until their time shall come when, the door opening for their exit, they will pass out and higher to make room for others.

LIMIT TO NUMBER OF MONADS. Although there can be no such thing as a metaphysical limit to the monads, yet practically, for the purposes of any one manvantara, there must be a limited number of monads included within its evolutionary sweep. Since a manvantara, however vast and inconceivable by us, is wholly a finite period, it sets its own limit —within the illimitable absolute—for the monads attracted to it. This of necessity must be, since the natural world which makes experience

possible, being finite because material, sets the limit by reason of its capacity being bounded. *See 1st par. p. 171.*

THE FATE OF THE ANTHROPOID APES. This interesting question is raised first on *pp. 173 and 175,* and not disposed of. There, in describing the course of the evolution of the monad, it is said that the laggards will not be men at all in this cycle *save one exception.* On *p. 184, 2nd par.* it seems to be answered. "In this Round . . . the anthropoids destined to die out in this our race when their monads will be liberated and pass into the astral human forms (or the highest [human] elementals) of the Sixth and Seventh Races, and then into lowest human forms in the Fifth Round. . . ." These descendants of men through union with animals will thus be karmically rewarded in the next round after this, instead of having to wait until another manvantara.

V

(From p. 184 to p. 192, Vol. I.)

THE IMPULSE OF EVOLUTION is found in the force of the spiritual breath. It is not to be supposed because "human monads" cease to come into this chain of globes that therefore there is no impulse. The term "human monad" means that *monad which having been through all lower experiences is fitted to inform the so-far perfected human body.*

MAN FIRST IN THE 4TH ROUND. *p. 187.* The flow of human monads is at an end, except that those still incarnated in the anthropoids have yet to come in. Full blown—or rather those that have been through all lower experiences—must proceed in their order through the strictly human evolution. The necessities of evolution demand this, and the turning point is reached in the fourth round which represents the square figure or number, and all monads in the lower kingdoms have to go on with the work of evolution in those until the next manvantara. At that time the monads now in human forms will have progressed beyond, thus leaving room for those below to come up higher.

OUR NATURES FROM WHAT. *p. 189.* In the note it is distinctly pointed out that the quotation from Shakespeare about our *natures* being marvelously mixed refers to the part which the Hierarchies of progressed souls throughout the system to which this globe belongs play in giving us our different combinations.

CORRESPONDENCE OF HUMAN EVOLUTION with the nebular evolu-

tion and condensation is to be found on these last lines of *p. 191*: "As the solid Earth began by being a ball of liquid fire, of fiery dust, and its protoplasmic phantom, so did man."

ORIGIN OF WHITE AND BLACK MAGIC. See note on *p. 192,* where it is stated that at the highest point of development of the Atlantean Race—the fourth—the separation into right and left-hand magic, or consciously good and evil thoughts, took place. Under the action of Karmic law and by the reincarnation over and over again of those engaged in these thoughts, the thoughts were preserved in the realm of mind in the double form of mental deposits and astral impressions. The mental deposits were brought back again and again to earth life, and the astral impressions affected all others who came under their influence. In this way not only were seeds sown in individual minds through their own thoughts, but a vast reservoir of good and bad impressions or pictures has been created in the ethereal medium about us by which sensitive persons are impelled to good and bad acts. And all repetitions of evil thoughts have added to the stock of evil thus remaining to affect and afflict mankind. But as the good also remains, the earnest friends of mankind are able to produce good effects and impressions which in their turn are added to the sum of good. There need be no feeling of injustice on the ground that sensitive persons are affected by evil pictures in the astral light, because such possibility of being thus impressed could not have arisen except through sympathetic attractions for them set up in former lives.

VI

(From p. 192 to p. 200, Vol. I.)

THE ASTRAL LIGHT is not in its nature truth revealing or "good." *Note 2, p. 197.* "It stands in the same relation to Akâsa and *Anima Mundi* as Satan stands to the Deity. They are one and the same thing *seen from two aspects.*" It may be said that the astral light is the next step above material concerns. It is the first field into which the seer steps in his progress, but it is dangerous because misleading, and misleading because it reverses all things, as well as being the chief reservoir for the bad or material deeds and thoughts of men. Because it is strange, new, and extraordinary, it influences those who see in it, since it presents images of a wierd character, and just from its newness and vividness those who see in it are apt to consider it to be of consequence. It is to be studied but not depended upon. Somewhat as the brain has to accustom

itself to the reversed image on the retina—turning it straight by effort —so the inner senses have to become accustomed to the reversals made by the Astral Light.

THE FALL INTO GENERATION is explained from *p. 192 to p. 198, Stanza VI.* Necessarily this raises the question "Why any fall whatever?" The author says: "It was the Fall of Spirit into generation, not the Fall of mortal man." Hence, if this be true, man has not fallen, but is, for this period of evolution, on the way upward. Spirit in order to become self-conscious "must pass through every cycle of being culminating in its highest point on earth in Man. . . . [It] is an unconscious negative ABSTRACTION. Its purity is inherent, not acquired by merit; hence, to become the highest Dhyan Chohan it is necessary for each Ego to attain full self-consciousness as a human, that is, a conscious Being —Man." (*192-193*) So the question, why any fall if Spirit was pure originally, is based on the assumption that to remain in a state of unconscious abstraction is better. This cannot, however, be so. When a period of evolution begins, with spirit at one end of the pole and matter at the other, it is absolutely necessary for spirit to proceed through experience in matter in order that self-consciousness may be acquired. It is a "fall" into matter so far as the fact is concerned, but so far as the result and the object in view it is neither fall nor rise, but the carrying out of the immutable law of the nature of spirit and matter. We ignorantly call it a fall or a curse, because our lower consciousness does not see the great sweep of the cycles nor apprehend the mighty purpose entertained.

Following the lines of the philosophy laid down, we see that at the close of each grand period of evolution some Egos will have failed to attain the goal, and thus some spirit—if we may say—is left over to be again, at a new period, differentiated into Egos who shall, helped by Egos of the past now become Dhyan Chohans, once more struggle upward. Such is the immense and unending struggle.

STATES AND PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS in Kosmos and Man, *p. 199, 2nd and 3rd par.* It is here stated that of the seven planes of consciousness three are above the entire chain of globes to which the earth belongs, and that the earth is in the lowest of the lower four. But in man, as said here, there are seven *states* of consciousness which correspond to these seven cosmical *planes.* He is to "attune the three higher states in himself to the three higher planes in Kosmos." Necessarily he must

have in him centres or seats of energy correspondingly, and, as the author points out, he must awaken those seats to activity, to life, before he can attune them to the higher planes. They are dormant, asleep as it were.

First and Seventh Globes of the chain are in the Archetypal plane. *Page 200, note to diagram.* That is, that on the first globe of the chain —A—the whole model of the succeeding globes is made or laid down, and upon that evolution proceeds up to the 7th, where, all having reached the highest stage of perfection after seven rounds, the complete model is fully realized. This is distinctly hinted in the note, for she says: not "the world as it existed *in the Mind* of the Deity," but "a world made as a first model, to be followed and improved upon by the worlds which succeed it physically—though deteriorating in purity." The reader will remember that in another place it is plainly said that on Globe A man appears, but that in the second round the process changes. If we assume, as we must, conscious Beings at work in the scheme of evolution, they have to create the mental model, as it were, of the whole planetary chain, and this has to be done at the time of the first globe. The plan is impressed on all the atoms or particles which are to take part in the evolution, and is preserved intact in that plane. The seventh globe is the receiver of the entire result of evolution in each round, and transfers it once more to Globe A, where it proceeds as before, and again the whole mass of evoluting beings is impressed with the original plan. This is repeated for every round.

The Three Higher Planes of Consciousness spoken of in *third note to diagram on page 200* as being inaccessible to human consciousness as yet, does not involve a contradiction. For the attuning of our three higher *states* of consciousness to the three higher *planes* is possible, although attainment to those planes is impossible for ordinary human consciousness. The attempt has to be made so as to come into harmony in ourselves with those planes, so that the potentialities may be made active and development of new faculties made possible.

QUESTION—AND COMMENT

MEMBERS of ULT study classes have certainly—as was affirmed in last month's question for this page—discovered that discussion of the Declaration of ULT can be "ceaseless and eternal," and interesting at the same time. We recall a great deal of worthwhile talking once, involving another phrase in the first sentence—"independent devotion." What now comes to mind is this: Since we usually relate the word "devotion" to a religious outlook, and "independence" to either self-sufficiency or rebelliousness, it seems that the combining of both qualities would be difficult indeed.

Of course, such a synthesis within the individual would be "difficult" —and for a great number of lifetimes to come perhaps impossible. Most of us half-heartedly seek a higher level by way of psychic compulsion, and when this is the case our devotion is never *independent* of psychic influences. To illustrate: Occasionally, one's chief agent of attraction to Theosophy is a particular person, who is regarded as the veritable embodiment of Theosophy; we may gain benefits through this sort of "devotion," but in this case the devotion to the *cause* of Theosophy is only second-hand. If our chosen "special teacher" either defects from the Theosophical Movement or in any way departs from our idea of ideal behavior, there is little of devotion in us left for Theosophy.

It is common to the history of religions, certainly, to find that devotion is connected either with personages or with reliance upon authority, and in both instances the orientation of the presumed aspirant is psychic rather than noëtic. Because the religious cast has so habitually molded the thought of Western peoples, we find H. P. Blavatsky constantly stressing the conception of independence *in relation to* religion. For instance, note her approval in her article "What Is Theosophy?" of Thomas Vaughn's definition: "A Theosophist is one who gives you a theory of God, or the works of God, which has not revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis."

But what of independent inspiration without devotion? Certainly the prolonged reaction to religious teaching which has produced what we call a "scientific mold" of mind is characteristic of this outlook. Yet scientists who have come to more mature ways of thinking and who feel devoted to the cause of humanity see in the production of atomic weap-

ons the apotheosis of research unrelated to ethical responsibility. Many of us, perhaps, in a manner similar to that portrayed by our cultural history, oscillate between periods of "devotion" and periods of "independence."

A Theosophist is certainly not immune to these and other swings of the pendulum, the difference lying solely in the fact that he is met with constant reminders that the criterion is never whether independence is better than devotion, or devotion better than independence, but whether the impulsion is from the psychic or the noëtic aspect of his nature.

In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 210), are some useful references to devotion. H. P. Blavatsky writes that when consciousness arose in present humanity, "the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, of one-ness with his spiritual creators." She continues:

> As the child's first feeling is for its mother and nurse, so the first aspirations of the awakening consciousness in primitive man were for those whose element he felt within himself, and who yet were outside, and independent of him. DEVOTION arose out of that feeling, and became the first and foremost motor in his nature; for it is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us, and which we find alike in human babe and the young of the animal.

But this feeling, which H.P.B. calls "irresponsible instinctive aspiration in primitive man," was, in that stage of evolution, never separative —hence the psychic element was servant to the "unconscious spiritual conception of that race." As *psychic* individuality came into being *pari passu* with the strengthening of *manas,* another kind of story unfolds—which H.P.B. elsewhere discusses when dealing with a crucial failure of "the Atlanteans" when they turned to the worship of specific *powers.* From that time onward, the tendency has been for the "motor of devotion" to drive in the direction of either following or compelling by authority.

Taking the whole of the first line of the Declaration, then, one might see that the "policy" of ULT is to strengthen non-separative "devotion" and independent evaluation at the same time. Robert Crosbie and William Q. Judge are linked with H. P. Blavatsky because they always called attention, as she did, to a great line of teaching, a tradition of a true gnosis which should belong to everyone, and which does innately. In ULT, the continual emphasis upon "impersonality" is a reminder that the cause of Theosophy may almost be summed up by a determination to *combine* "independence" and "devotion."

PROEM

I

BY way of introduction to *The Secret Doctrine,* H. P. Blavatsky provides—besides the Preface—both an Introductory and a Proem, comparatively synonymous terms, but with an interesting distinction. In the Introductory *the author prepares the reader* amply for what follows: the need of such a book and what it is intended to do, the frame of mind necessary for an understanding of the work through appreciation of the antiquity of the documents and manuscripts which prove that the Secret Doctrine was "the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world." But, by means of the Proem, *the reader must prepare himself.*

This calls to mind a series of articles published by Wm. Q. Judge under the title, "Hidden Hints in the Secret Doctrine." A "hint," we think of primarily as a suggestion, however remote or indirect. But "hint" has another meaning, now considered obsolete: it means *opportunity* or *occasion,* and was commonly so used, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Search into the meaning of any word is rewarding, and perhaps the word "proem" holds a hidden hint—an unsuspected opportunity, a golden occasion.

Proem is said to be a "bookish or literary rather than a technical term, applying usually to the commencement of a discourse, especially to a formal commencement, such as the invocation to a muse in a poem." H.P.B.'s use of this precise word warrants some thought or "musing." The Muse is the Power of Poetry. The poet brings to life the mysterious power latent in the creative will: the power of words, of speech, of song, is made manifest. The ancient hymn-makers of the Rig Veda—the first and most important of the four Vedas—describe, with winged words, the "indescribable." How is this Muse to be invoked by the *student* of the Secret Doctrine?

What is the content of the Proem? "Symbolism" and a "few fundamental conceptions"—which underlie and pervade the entire system of thought. The Proem closes with a "skeleton outline" of the STANZAS OF DZYAN, which form the thesis of every section of *The Secret Doctrine.* The Stanzas give an "abstract formula of evolution" which can be applied, *mutatis mutandis,* to all evolution: to that of our tiny earth, to that of the chain of planets of which that earth forms one, to the

solar Universe to which that chain belongs, and so on, in an ascending scale, "till the mind reels and is exhausted in the effort."

This rhythm and scope of movement, the flow of the cyclic pattern in Nature—of recurrence, of regular alternation, of sequence inevitably following cause—is under law: the law of Periodicity. The poet embodies *this rhythm* in his work. Whatever the subject-matter, or the language in which it is clothed, the law prevails: the poet is *transmitter* of the dynamic movement of life in nature and in human experience. On this point, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: "Deeper than all the rhythm of art is that rhythm which art would fain catch, the rhythm of nature; for the rhythm of nature is the rhythm of life itself. This rhythm can be caught by prose as well as by poetry. The rhythm of verse at its highest is nothing more and nothing less than the metre of that energy of the spirit which surges within the bosom of him who speaks, whether he speak in verse or impassioned prose. Being rhythm, it is of course governed by law, but it is a law which transcends in subtlety the conscious art of the metricist and is only caught by the poet in his most inspired moods, a law which, being part of nature's own sanctions, can of course never be formulated but only expressed, as it is expressed in the melody of the bird. . . . Whether it is caught by prose or by verse, one of the virtues of the rhythm of nature is that it is translatable into other languages." An illustration then given is Manu's "magnificent passage about the singleness of man":

> Single is each man born into the world; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good deeds, and single the punishment of his evil deeds. When he dies his body lies like a fallen tree upon the earth, but his virtue accompanies his soul. Wherefore let man harvest and garner virtue, so that he may have an inseparable companion in traversing that gloom which is so hard to be traversed.

Other illustrations of comparable character are:

> Thou canst create this "day" thy chances for thy "morrow." In the "Great Journey," causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the World. With mighty sweep of never erring action, it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds. (*Voice of the Silence.*)
>
> As a spider throws out and retracts its web, as herbs spring up in the ground. . . . so is the universe derived from the undecaying one. (*Mundaka Upanishad.*)
>
> Man, made of thought, occupant only of many bodies from time to

time, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought, his release due to nothing else. (*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita.*)

Know, Conqueror of Sins, once a Sowanee hath crossed the seventh Path, all nature thrills with joyous awe and feels subdued. The silver star now twinkles out the news to the night-blossoms, the streamlet to the pebbles ripples out the tale; dark ocean waves will roar it to the rocks surf-bound, scent-laden breezes sing it to the vales, and stately pines mysteriously whisper: "A Master has arisen, a MASTER OF THE DAY." (*The Voice of the Silence.*)

The poet ("maker," from the Greek root, *to make*) is creator: his work—the movement of a mighty energy *directed* by intuitive imagination. "The human Will is all powerful and the Imagination is the picture-making power of the human mind. In the ordinary average human person it has not enough training or force to be more than a sort of dream, but it may be trained. When trained it is the Constructor in the Human Workshop. It is the greatest power, after Will, in the human assemblage of complicated instruments. The modern Western definition of Imagination is incomplete and wide of the mark. It is chiefly used to designate fancy or misconception and at all times stands for unreality. It is impossible to get another term as good because one of the powers of the trained imagination is that of making an image. The word is derived from those signifying the formation or reflection of an image. This faculty used, or rather suffered to act, in an unregulated mode has given the West no other idea than that covered by 'fancy.' So far as that goes it is right but it may be pushed to a greater limit, which, when reached, causes the Imagination to evolve in the Astral substance an actual image or form which may be then used in the same way as an iron moulder uses a mould of sand for the molten iron. It is therefore the King faculty, inasmuch as the Will cannot do its work if the Imagination be at all weak or untrained." (*Ocean of Theosophy.*) Is it any wonder that the poet, with highest human powers developed and *having caught the rhythm of Nature,* can, through his creative magic quicken the imaginative faculty in other minds and draw them to dwell upon unforgettable concepts?

The word proem (French, *pro* and *oime,* song, or poem) means "before the song, or poem." And immediately following the Proem, that is, preceding the Stanzas, is the "Hymn of Creation" from Rig Veda. It is a poem of singular beauty:

Nor Aught nor Nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death—yet there was nought immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless by itself,
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light—
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.

. . . . . .

Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The Gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?
That, whence all this great creation came,
Whether Its will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not.

Gazing into eternity . . .
Ere the foundations of the earth were laid,

. . . . . .

Thou wert. And when the subterranean flame
Shall burst its prison and devour the frame . . .
Thou shalt be still as Thou wert before
And knew no change, when time shall be no more,
Oh! endless thought, divine ETERNITY.

Along the pathway of life, says Wm. Q. Judge, in *The Ocean of Theosophy,* we see here and there men who are geniuses or great seers and prophets. In these the Higher powers of *Manas* are active. Such are the great Sages of the past, men like Buddha, Jesus, Confucius, Zoroaster, and others. Poets, too, such as Tennyson, Longfellow, and others, are men in whom Higher *Manas* now and then sheds a bright ray on the man below, to be soon obscured, however, by the effect of dogmatic religious education which has given memory certain pictures that always prevent *Manas* from gaining full activity.

But there is another kind of "memory." In Greek mythology, the Muses were the daughters of Jupiter (identified with Zeus) and Mnemosyne (Memory). It is this memory, or reminiscence—the *memory of the*

Soul, that kindles the imagination, warms the heart, and throws light upon the mysteries of Life. It is to this "memory" that the Proem speaks. SYMBOLISM—in the truest, profoundest, universal sense—is the *language of the Soul.* Assimilation of the wisdom implicit in the FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTIONS is realization of the indissoluble union between man and the universe: the identity of Man in spiritual and physical essence with both the Absolute Principle and with God in Nature, and the presence in him of the same potential powers as exist in the creative forces in Nature.

There is yet another derivation of the word "proem"—from the Greek *pro,* before, and *oimos,* a path. In H. P. Blavatsky's first major work, *Isis Unveiled,* it is said: "*The trinity of nature is the lock of magic, the trinity of man the key that fits it.* Within the solemn precincts of the sanctuary the SUPREME had and has no name. It is unthinkable and unpronounceable; and yet every man finds in himself his god."

Assuredly, "*without moving* is the going on this Path."

THE TRINITY IN MAN

Life is one. Spirit is one. Consciousness is one. These three are one —a trinity—and we are that trinity. All the changes of substance and form are brought about by Spirit and Consciousness and expressed in various forms of life. We are that One Spirit, each standing in a vast assemblage of beings in this great universe, seeing and knowing what he can through the instruments he has. We are the Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; or, in theosophical parlance, we are *Atma, Buddhi,* and *Manas. Atma* is the One Spirit, not belonging to any one, but to all. *Buddhi* is the sublimated experience of all the past. *Manas* is the thinking power, the thinker, the man, the immortal man. There is no man without the Spirit, and no man without that experience of the past; but the mind is the realm of creation, of ideas; and the Spirit itself, with all its power, acts according to the ideas that are in the mind.

—ROBERT CROSBIE

YOUTH-COMPANIONS ASK— AND ANSWER

A THEOSOPHIST, it may perhaps be said, is one who not only subscribes to the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, but who is also convinced of the power of individual example to help bring about its realization in the world. Yet, as he makes his own practical efforts in this direction, or observes the efforts of others, he is amazed to find that acts of altruism, more often than not, are either mistrusted or heartlessly taken advantage of. He finds himself compelled, then, to ask himself the question: Where is to be found the line between idealism and realism?

There are probably many people who are prevented, by their own subconscious definition of the term "realistic," from being more charitable towards others than they now are. They look at the world around them and cannot help concluding that to be good is to be vulnerable. After all, it is usually the trusting man who is swindled, and the compassionate motorist who takes the risk of picking up hitch-hikers. On a higher level, too, we know that it is only the sensitive man who is capable of being deeply hurt.

To conclude from these unfortunate truths, however, that one should therefore not go out of his way to help others, or that one ought not become too sensitive to the moral complexities of life, is to take perhaps the most *un*realistic position imaginable; for how can one ever hope to effect the transformation of one's civilization into a "republic of Brotherhood" if no one is willing to set a brotherly example? H. P. Blavatsky assures us in "Let Every Man Prove His Own Work" that "it is an absolute fact that without good works the spirit of brotherhood would die in the world." Further, being charitable does not imply being obtuse or undiscriminating. H.P.B. makes this fact clear in *The Key to Theosophy* (p. 239):

> *Enq.* Then you regard self-sacrifice as a duty?
>
> *Theo.* We do; and explain it by showing that altruism is an integral part of self-development. But we have to discriminate. A man has no right to starve himself *to death* that another man may have food, unless the life of that man is obviously more useful to the many than is his own life. . . . Theosophy teaches self-abnegation, but does not teach rash and useless self-sacrifice, nor does it justify fanaticism.

Indeed, is not this exhortation to blend charity with wisdom one of the great implications of *King Lear?* We notice in this tragedy that one of the few characters to survive is Edgar, who has learned to shed his good-natured gullibility, and to employ, for the purpose of doing good, the very wiles and deceptions used by the forces of evil. "Therefore," says H.P.B. in the article cited, "is the double activity of learning and doing most necessary; we have to do good, and we have to do it *rightly,* with knowledge."

Yet one may validly object that we have been too narrow in our scope, and have ignored a basic implication of the question: a consideration of the idea of justice. Certainly an altruist, no matter how intelligent, is more often abused and taken advantage of than is someone concerned only with his personal affairs. Job, as we know, was a very good man.

In attempting to solve this problem of why the good should suffer, it is important to realize that every human being must necessarily give up certain things, and that his primary moral action in this life must be simply his choice of what sort of things he wishes to sacrifice. H.P.B. tells us (*Key,* 229):

> Duty is that which *is due* to Humanity, to our fellow-men, neighbours, family, and especially that which we owe to all those who are poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves. This is a debt which, if left unpaid during life, leaves us spiritually insolvent and moral bankrupts in our next incarnation. Theosophy is the quintessence of *duty.*

We see, then, that the practical altruist is in the long run much "safer" than the moral conservative, whose petty fears and suspicions prevent him from "sticking his neck out" for others. The saint may be crucified, but it is his executioners, not he, who are the real losers.

Our task, then, must be to make of our lives worthy sacrifices—understanding the term "sacrifice" in its original, derivational sense, "to make sacred." Indeed, our task transcends mere "good deeds." It requires that we comprehend the perfect continuity of symbolism in nature; that we exhibit in our every action an aspect of the mysterious divinity enshrined in the physical world; that we create true art out of seeming chaos; in short, that we transform the profane into the sacred.

With this titanic mission before us, we need not fear the foolish cruelty of opportunists, who would take advantage of every act of brotherhood. "The gods are just," concludes Edgar, after he has undergone what seems to be a series of gross *in*justices—and he is right.

THE UBIQUITOUS TRINITY

The trinity of nature is the lock of magic, the trinity of man the key that fits it.—*Isis Unveiled*

SPECULATION on the meaning of the foregoing statement by H. P. Blavatsky brings the student to a consideration of the trinity as a principle or basic pattern in the manifested world. Once thought is directed along these lines, it becomes apparent that three, the trinity, the ternary, the tripartite is indeed prevalent, whether we consider man or nature, the ideal world or the world of matter.

In our western culture, the most familiar expression is to be found in the Christian trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the existence of one God in three persons. While this is generally viewed as a religious dogma, its development represents an alliance of theology with Platonic trinitarianism, Greek philosophy with Jewish teachings. At the time when Christianity was introduced to the Greek world, the latter had considered the principle of deity as remote from the world, as the "first mover." But with the advent of a teacher who united the human and divine, the trinity was born. Now there was God as Father, the source of all; the Son as the Word; Spirit ("Holy Ghost"), dwelling in all and uniting all with the divine. That this idea is capable of Theosophic interpretation is as evident to the student as is the fact that modern Christianity gives little weight to it in public utterances.

But the trinity is to be found in other lands as well. The Hindu *Trimurti,* composed of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, is a personification of three aspects of the one creative substance. The principles of Creation, Preservation, and Destruction are thus unified as a religious concept. Contemporary Hinduism emphasizes a *dual* aspect: on the one hand Vishnu as creator-preserver; and, on the other, Shiva the world-destroyer. Such destruction is to be considered in its positive aspect, making possible the union of the soul with the eternal.

To detail references to manifestations of the trinity as noted by H.P.B. would constitute a lengthy treatise. However, we may observe that in relation to evolution or cosmogenesis, she states:

> The Hermetic, Orphic, and Pythagorean cosmogonical doctrines, as well as those of Sanchoniathon and Berosus, are all based upon one irrefutable formula, viz.: that the ether and chaos, or, in the Platonic

language, mind and matter, were the two primeval and eternal principles of the universe, utterly independent of anything else. The former was the all-vivifying intellectual principle; the chaos, a shapeless, liquid principle, without "form or sense," from the union of which two, sprung into existence the universe, or rather, the universal world, the first androgenous deity—the chaotic matter becoming its body, and ether the soul. According to the phraseology of a *Fragment of Hermias,* "chaos, from this union with spirit, obtaining *sense,* shone with pleasure, and thus was produced the *Protogonos* (the first-born) light." This is the universal trinity, based on the metaphysical conceptions of the ancients, who, reasoning by analogy, made of man, who is a compound of intellect and matter, the microcosm of the macrocosm, or great universe. (*Isis* I, 341.)

In the *Kabala* the doctrine of the trinity is plainly expressed: "The voice though one, consists of three elements, fire (*i.e.,* warmth), air (*i.e.,* breath), and water (*i.e.,* humidity), yet all three are one in the mystery of the voice and can only be one. Thus also Yahweh, Elohenu, Yahweh, constitute one—three forms which are one." (*Zohar* ii, 43.) Symbolically represented, this Mystery of the Kabala is discussed by H.P.B.:

The deity is represented as three circles in one, shrouded in a certain smoke of chaotic exhalation. In the preface to the *Sohar,* which transforms the three primordial circles into THREE HEADS, over these is described an exhalation or smoke, neither black nor white, but colorless, and circumscribed within a circle. This is the unknown Essence. . . . The "three Heads," superposed above each other, are evidently taken from the three mystic triangles of the Hindus, which also superpose each other. The highest "head" contains the *Trinity in Chaos,* out of which springs the manifested trinity.

In the *Kabala,* the emanation of the primordial passive principle (*Sephira*), by dividing itself into two parts, active and passive, emits Chochma-Wisdom and Binah-Jehovah, and in conjunction with these two acolytes, which complete the trinity, becomes the Creator of the abstract Universe; the physical world being the production of later and still more material powers. (*Isis* II, 212; 214.)

Greek learning, the inspiration for the humanism which developed during the Renaissance, was championed by Pico della Mirandola. He reminded the Church fathers of three Delphic precepts "which are very necessary to those who are to go into the most sacred and revered temple, not of the false but of the true Apollo." While the Delphic oracle was often consulted and made many pronouncements, it will be noted

that these three constitute the basis for a philosophical system. As given by Pico they are as follows:

> "Nothing too much," prescribes a standard and rule for all the virtues through the doctrine of the Mean, with which moral philosophy duly deals. Then the saying . . . "Know thyself," urges and encourages us to the investigation of all nature, of which the nature of man is both the connecting link and, so to speak, the "mixed bowl." For he who knows himself in himself knows all things, as Zoroaster first wrote, and then Plato in his *Alcibiades.* When we are finally lighted in this knowledge by natural philosophy and nearest to God are uttering the theological greeting . . . "Thou art," we shall likewise in bliss be addressing the true Apollo on intimate terms.

That man is also a trinity is attested to by those who see him as body, soul, and spirit. Theosophy, with its more detailed divisions, describes the reincarnating ego, the man of many lifetimes, as Atma-Buddhi-Manas. And the lower reflection of this being, according to the *Bhagavad-Gita,* is influenced by the three qualities of Sattva, Rajas and Tamas.

As we journey through life there is awareness of time, which is divided into past, present, and future; what has been, what is, what is to be. The aspect of time of which man is most conscious is the extent of his life span. Here we meet another triad, the Greek Fates (and, of similar character, the Norns of Norse mythology). These Greek goddesses of Fate are described by Oskar Seyffert in his *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*:

> Their names are *Clotho* (the Spinner), who spins the thread of life, *Lachesis* (Disposer of Lots), who determines its length, and *Atropos* (Inevitable), who cuts it off.

In the area of literature there is a further contribution from the ancient Greeks, the idea of the unities. To be consistent, reasonable, logical—in a word to present a true representation of life—the writer must observe the dramatic unities. These were enumerated by Aristotle in his *Poetics* as the unity of time, of place, and of action. If interpreted strictly, the drama was to occur in one place, occupy the space of one day, and contain nothing of irrelevance to the plot. That such dramas can be both absorbing and significant is demonstrated by the plays of classical Greek writers.

It is evident that enumeration of aspects of the trinity may become virtually endless. As the snowflake is a crystal of six sides or points,

and individual units are infinitely varied within this form, so the trinity is a model which is expressed in many ways. There is, finally, the most simple and obvious "trinity," the triangle. One interpretation is that this figure represents the manifested world—action, and the culmination of action. Beginning with the point, a line is extended. From that same point a divergent, contrasting line is drawn. While there is a common origin, as the lines progress they become farther apart. But connect their extremities with a third line and the result is unity and completed action.

The Pythagorean triangle begins with the basic or horizontal line, the origin of differentiated cosmic matter. Significantly an ideal triangle is called a phantom of the mind, and to be made objective a new form is created, the pyramid. As stated in *The Secret Doctrine* I, 617:

> As an emblem applicable to the objective idea, the simple triangle became a solid. When repeated in stone on the four cardinal points, it assumed the shape of the Pyramid—the symbol of the phenomenal merging into the noumenal Universe of thought—at the apex of the four triangles; and, as an "imaginary figure constructed of three mathematical lines," it symbolized the subjective spheres.

As one of the "sacred numbers" discussed by H.P.B., again in the *Secret Doctrine,* we find the significance of the triangle suggested in these words:

> "First came three, or the triangle." This expression has a profound meaning in Occultism, and the fact is corroborated in mineralogy, botany, and even in geology. . . . It is the figure of *fire,* whence the word *"pyramids";* while the second geometrical figure in *manifested* Nature is a square or a cube, 4 and 6; for, "the particles of earth being cubical, those of fire are pyramidal."

It will be seen, then, that the trinity can be viewed as a universal principle, a symbol capable of many applications extending into the world of matter and that of idea. If we consider the trinity merely as a form or mold, we may be trapped by the rigidity of its three-fold pattern, but if we regard it as a natural expression of manifested life, then the trinity becomes a source of wonderment.

LIFE IN ACTION

LIFE is the Power to give expression to any degree of Intelligence —from the highest to the lowest—on any plane of Matter, and in whatever kind of Substance available.

The highest level is that attained by Perfected Beings—the Elder Brothers. The lower orders of life range through all the myriad degrees of consciousness throughout all of Great Nature. Naturally, even in the central area, that of man, there are wide divergencies of intelligence; but all humans are self-conscious and, as spiritual entities, fully individualized as karmic-creative units. However, the moment life is contacted below the mind level of man, we encounter hierarchical consciousness or kingdom knowledge.

At whatever point of departure, then, upon which we may wish to proceed to follow any line of logical investigation, it is Life, itself, we must *stay with*—to make "sense" in our endeavor to achieve a resulting understanding.

"All is Life" and "there is not a hand's breadth of vacant 'dead' space anywhere" in the entire surrounding universe. And each point is a life—a potential center of energy, of coordinating unity embodying Spirit and Matter, and a resulting gain represented by some degree of experience translatable into Intelligence.

But is life always gaining a "something" of a kind? As we apply the Second Fundamental of *The Secret Doctrine,* we are reminded of the fact that our universe is in a constant state of periodic animation—*"incessantly manifesting and disappearing"*—the periodicity in no wise lessening the power of life to express itself with related continuity, and, as H. P. Blavatsky states elsewhere in *The Secret Doctrine,* the whole secret of life lies in the ever-unbroken continuity of its various manifestations. Emphasize, here, the significant word *continuity.*

Thus, no matter how we view it, or try to apprehend the motions of life in all its varying degress, we are compelled to admit that each sensitive "point" is capable of giving expression to some degree of intelligent perception no matter how minute or infinitesimal, and that the greater the degree of *awareness,* the greater the widening expansion of the perceptive power inherent in each unit of life.

If the student should wish to look further into the subject, he might

study the following excerpts from Robert Crosbie's *The Friendly Philosopher*:

> Each plane has its own mode or "mind. . . ." (p. 159)
>
> There is consciousness and its perceptions, the latter becoming more and more objective creations on different planes of matter on account of the Creative, Preservative and Destructive powers inherent in Consciousness, or, more properly, the Self. "Whatever state of consciousness the Perceiver may be in, the things of that plane are for the time being his only realities." (p. 135)
>
> The mind might be likened to a telescope in use by the Man, the Perceiver. . . . (p. 143)
>
> The unitary idea in the septenary nature is to be had from the conception of Consciousness, or the Perceiver, using different vehicles for expression and reception on different planes. (p. 164)
>
> The word "Perceiver" connotes both individuality and that power of perception which is infinite. (p. 164)
>
> The Perceiver rests in the Infinite and is always behind and above any and all expansions of perception. (p. 165)
>
> What lies behind all advance in intelligence, from the lowest to the highest, is *perception* gained by that which acts from that which is acted upon. (p. 245)
>
> The same Spirit [is] in all, the same One Life, the One Intelligence. All are rays from that One Life, that One Intelligence, and each expresses the possibilities existing in the Infinite Source. Differences in beings, in mankind, in various races, all mean degrees of intelligence. (p. 254)
>
> Intelligence is the extension of the power to know. (p.325)
>
> From the smallest conceivable point of perception and action there is a constantly widening range of expression, of evolution, a development more and more in the direction of a greater range of being. This evolution of intelligence, or soul, proceeds very slowly in the lower kingdoms, more rapidly in the animal, and in man has reached that stage where the being himself knows that he is . . . . (p. 268)
>
> . . . the great Center of Life, of Consciousness, of Perception is *the same* in every being of whatever grade; and . . . from within that Center proceeds all action. The use of *the power to act* which is *inherent* in that Center is the cause of all manifestation. (p. 284)
>
> However minute, visible or invisible, the forms of life may be, they are Centers of Consciousness, beginnings of perception, the beginnings of individuality—ever increasing from form to form until the human form is reached, and then, on and on. (pp. 286-7)

ON THE LOOKOUT

The Best Reincarnation Anthology

Many Theosophists are already familiar with *Reincarnation: An East-West Anthology,* a Julian Press volume just released. The permanent usefulness of the book becomes immediately apparent to working students in the various ULT Lodges, and copies have been made available on the book tables. It is also clear that, as well as involving a distinguished work of research, this volume may be called a truly Theosophical labor. Because the context is basically philosophical, the anthology selections have a continuity and relevance which are plainly noticeable in comparison with other collections of quotations on the subject. This work provides extracts from over four hundred Western thinkers, as well as from the world's major religions.

The Approach

The Preface to *Reincarnation* is brief and to the point, although this point involves considerable subtlety: The authors immediately disclose an awareness that "one does not demonstrate a truth by counting heads, no matter how good the heads," and they suggest that all of the profound remarks on reincarnation within the Anthology should be regarded as a *prompting* to serious thought, rather than as "proof." Similarly, evidence favoring reincarnation which is circumstantial and phenomenal does not offer the approach which will be most significant in years to come. This viewpoint is briefly indicated by a few paragraphs of synthesis in the Preface:

> The real case for or against reincarnation, however, will probably rest not so much on evidence of a phenomenal character but on its capacity to provide a rational explanation of life and its mysteries, based on the ascertainable laws of nature. One of America's foremost physicists, Dr. W. F. G. Swann, considering the possible relationship to the law of the universe of an immortal entity within man, has said:

"Formal Recognition of a New Entity"

> "In contemplating the harmonization of life with what we call the laws of inanimate matter, I expect to find a new set of laws, laws which do not deny anything we had before except in the denial of the claim of those laws to finality. I do not expect it to be necessary to find a new *particle* which will cement the old materialistic realm with the realm

of life and all that goes with it, but I may expect to find the formal recognition of some kind of a new entity differing from those which we have encountered in physics. I do not necessarily expect that this entity will be something which can be described in terms of space and time, although I shall expect it to be accompanied by well-defined laws of operation which provide, not only for the activities peculiar to its own purposes, but for the possibility of cementing it logically with the knowledge of the past."

Psychology and Philosophy

The authors of *Reincarnation* continue:

It has been pointed out by the Viennese psychiatrist Viktor Frankl that Freudian psychoanalysis introduced into psychological research what it calls the pleasure principle, or what may be termed the will-to-pleasure, while Adlerian psychology made men conversant with the role of the will-to-power as a main factor in the formation of neuroses. Dr. Frankl is of the opinion that man is neither dominated by the will-to-pleasure nor the will-to-power, but by what he should like to call the will-to-meaning—man's deep-seated striving for a higher meaning to existence. The majority of a psychoanalyst's clientele these days, says Dr. Erich Fromm, are "sick" because they know that life runs out of their hands like sand, and that they will die without having lived.

Many of the individuals quoted in these pages seemed to have been able to conceive of meaning and purpose only in a universe of unbroken continuity, where birth is not a beginning nor is death an end.

The Most Moving of the "Best"

Under the heading, "What distinguished thinkers have said on Reincarnation," the Julian Press has printed on the dust jacket some paragraphs which cover a great deal of ground, indicating the universality of the *philosophy* of reincarnation:

Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration (or reincarnation) has its roots in the world of reality. None but very hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. (Thomas Huxley.)

The idea of reincarnation contains a most comforting explanation of reality by means of which Indian thought surmounts difficulties which baffle the thinkers of Europe. (Albert Schweitzer.)

The only survival after death I can conceive is to start a new earth cycle again. (Thomas Edison.)

I know I am deathless. Births have brought us richness and variety. No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before. (Walt Whitman.)

I lived in Judea eighteen centuries ago. . . . As far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experiences of a previous state of existence. (Thoreau.)

Were an Asiatic to ask me for a definition of Europe, I should be forced to answer him: It is that part of the world which is haunted by the incredible delusion that man was created out of nothing, and that his present birth is his first entrance into life. (Schopenhauer.)

Further investigation of apparent memories of former incarnations may well establish reincarnation as the most probable explanation of these experiences. (Dr. Ian Stevenson.)

Everything goeth, everything returneth. Everything dieth, everything blossometh forth again. Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of return? (Neitzsche.)

An Influential Review

It is part of what might be regarded as the "karma" and good auspices attending publication of *Reincarnation* that the *Library Journal* for December endorses it unqualifiedly as "a research Volume and essential item." Since many librarians make their selections of current books from the *Library Journal,* this approval should insure that the book will be widely placed. Mary L. Barrett, formerly of the Catalogue Department of the University of Delaware, writes in summary:

"Science teaches there is no death but only transformation" (Guiseppe Mazzini). This noble anthology proves that belief in reincarnation or some transformation after death is, or has been, held in all parts of the world, and from the most primitive times. The subtitle reads: "Including Quotations from the World's Religions and from over 400 Western Thinkers." The quotations, many of considerable length, begin in the East with excellently chosen passages from the Buddhist, Hindu, Sikh, Egyptian, Judaic and other scriptures or from pertinent commentaries. Then follow Christian, Mohammedan, and other texts, including the early Christian, the Druses, Roman Catholic, Masonic and twentieth-century clerics of various faiths.

"Every Concept Represented"

The Barrett review continues:

In Part II, "Western Thinkers on Reincarnation," the editors have collected a remarkable anthology from poets and other noted writers of Europe and America, grouped by country. Part III comprises quotations from scientists and psychologists on the subject. Besides a long list of "Acknowledgements" (which constitutes a useful bibliography), the

> book contains an index and appendix (including "The Anathemas against Origen"). Another special item is a reprint from "Yale Review," Spring, 1945 of Professor J. Paul Williams' article "Belief in a Future Life." It would seem that every human concept of immortality and/or reincarnation is represented. An essential item for all large religious collections and useful in a library of any size. It should be invaluable to clergymen and to professional writers and speakers.

Reincarnation: An East-West Anthology may be obtained in many book stores, by writing to the publishers at 80 East 11th St., New York 3, or The Theosophy Company at 245 W. 33rd St., Los Angeles 7, California, or The Theosophy Company at 347 E. 72nd St., New York 21; the price of the 342-page book is $6.50 (plus sales tax in California).

Primitive People

There are still tribes and people to be found whose life contrasts sharply with prevailing modes of the mid-twentieth century. The continents of Africa, South America and Australia all offer examples of such primitive men. In "The Invisible Aborigine" (*Harper's Magazine,* September, 1961), Eugene Burdick reports on a visit to a group of Australian aborigines whom he finds "human, beyond dispute, but of another planet, another life, another level." It is this "other-worldliness" which exerts a fascination, and ultimately leads the author to some interesting speculations. Historically, it is suggested,

> The Aborigine probably walked into Australia centuries ago when that continent was connected to the mainland. For a long time he ranged down the coastline, moved up the banks of the rivers, followed water wherever it existed. He never developed money, arithmetic, tools, or villages. No one is sure why. Even when it was possible to build habitations and settle down, the aborigine did not.

Inner Life

Burdick resists the temptation to call these people "childlike":

> Reality is not that easy. Behind that promise of rage and understanding and imagination there is a fulfillment. The life of the aborigine, the life within his mind and soul, is intricate and bloody and soaring beyond belief—and little known to outsiders until lately. . . .
>
> The surface impressions are correct. The aborigines lack agriculture, tools, domesticated animals, metals, pottery, the wheel, numbers, politics, a tone system, writing, and seeds. But their psychic life is bewilderingly rich.

> They have no notion of a supreme deity. Rather their life is filled with demons and gods of a highly individual quality. . . . The mind and heart of the aborigine howl with fears, hopes, totems, tabus, compulsions. His beliefs are complicated beyond the sophisticated religion of civilized man.

Civilization Rejected

Perhaps the most arresting statement by the author is expressed in his feeling that the aborigine has turned from our civilization by choice.

> Behind those deep-sunk eyes and that strangely elegant body there is a rage, a resource, a something. One has the eerie feeling that the aborigine had the chance to become "civilized" and rejected it. Instead of acquiring rich lands, commerce, crops, the arts, he has developed a microscopic sense of his physical world and of the imperatives of existence. Nothing else. It is almost as if he wants to keep life balanced on a razor edge.

Students may recall H.P.B.'s indication (*S.D.* II, 779) that in Australia are to be found remnants of the Third Race whose home was Lemuria. The Aborigines' detachment from our civilization, as noted by Mr. Burdick, implies that this is indeed a race apart.

African Bushman

Another primitive group virtually untouched by "civilization," the Bushman of Africa's Kalahari Desert, is reported in the New York *Times,* September 27. This tribe, now numbering approximately 50,000 persons, is described:

> The Bushman has been found to be an extraordinary blend of savagery and sensitivity. He digs with a stick for grubs to eat, yet he plays haunting tunes on his crude musical instruments. He records his myths, traditions, and memories in dance. He speaks a curious click language, but he can express his emotions in poetry.
>
> The Bushmen travel, searching endlessly for food and water, in tightly knit family groups. They are a handsome people, yellowish-copper in color, neatly built and well featured in youth, but as wrinkled as walnuts in old age. The men are rarely taller than 5 feet. . . . As sheer survival depends on cooperation, Bushmen share all their food and possessions. They have no conception of personal property. . . . A superb botanist and organic chemist, the Bushman knows every plant, bush, and tree in his domain. He concocts deadly poison to smear on his arrowheads, but he can't count above three.

Monads which were not Ready

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the Bushmen of Africa and Australia in

several places in *The Secret Doctrine* (II.). For instance, in telling of the incarnation of Manas in the Fourth Round, she says that certain classes of beings were fully "ready," others only "half ready," while still others received "but a spark." She says further:

> Those tribes of savages [the Bushmen] . . . are simply those *latest arrivals* among the human Monads, which *were not ready*: . . . The MONADS of the lowest specimens of humanity (the "narrow-brained" savage South-Sea Islander, the African, the Australian) *had no Karma to work out when first born as men, as their more favoured brethren in intelligence had* . . . In this respect the poor savage is more fortunate than the greatest genius of *civilised countries.* (p. 168.)
>
> The "sacred spark" is missing in them and it is they who are the only *inferior* races in the globe, now happily—owing to the wise adjustment of nature which ever works in that direction—fast dying out. Verily mankind is "of one blood," *but not of the same essence.* (II, 421 fn.)

On Ancient India

Two unrelated items come to us by way of the *Asian Student* for Sept. 23. The first—information disclosed by the Ceylonese Minister of Health—notes that "the Ceylonese Government has written to all Asian countries seeking their cooperation for research into ancient medical systems." The Minister, A. P. Jayasuriya, says that "the Ceylonese Government hopes to develop the traditional systems of medicine, using herbs, roots and metals, along scientific lines, independent of Western medicine." After that they hope to blend the best of the different systems "for the service of mankind." Mr. Jayasuriya believes that "an answer to cancer could be found in Eastern medicine." "Western medicine," he says, "cures a disease, but it does not remove the cause. Eastern medicine does both."

The second item reports the results of a recent exploration of the floor of the Indian Ocean by Dr. Bezrukov, Soviet geologist and mineralogist:

> The explorations had shown that rocks of volcanic origin occupied a large part of the bottom of the Indian Ocean. Investigating their composition and structure, the Soviet geologists detected in the southern part massive accumulations of iron, manganese ores containing up to 0.5 per cent of nickel, cobalt and other rare metals.
>
> The explorations had shown that the fauna in the Indian Ocean was very varied. The scientists collected a large number of animals and fish living at the bottom, hitherto little explored or absolutely unknown to science.

"Sex and Hypnosis"

Under this sell-it-fast-and-most title, a Monarch paperback by one Dr. L. T. Woodward now appears on magazine racks throughout the country—perhaps a forerunner of many similar volumes, some of which we may hope will be better books but many of which may be far worse. Dr. Woodward is a psychiatrist in private practice who is convinced that the judicious use of hypnotism is of inestimable aid to patients suffering severe psycho-physical disturbances. In *Sex and Hypnosis* Dr. Woodward proceeds to illustrate the successes of hypnotherapy by way of some fairly lurid case histories. Also, in an introduction, a brief history of hypnotism is provided which dutifully includes mention of Sigmund Freud's disapproval of hypnosis as an adjunct to psychoanalysis.

At the outset, such a volume seems to cry for Theosophic disapproval, if simply on the grounds that hypnotism is made more attractive by a dubious sales technique. However, in fairness to Dr. Woodward, some of his conscientious warnings should be noted:

Facts and Fallacies about Hypnosis

As to the warnings, in Dr. Woodward's words:

> I feel that hypnotism is too powerful a force to be used casually and for light entertainment. The science of understanding the mind is still in its infancy. Even the most expert of us feels a certain awe when he sees the incredible powers of hypnotism. Amateur hypnosis is to be strongly discouraged.
>
> There are many cases where severe mental damage has been caused by unskilled hypnotists who are unable to finish properly what they have begun. Consider the situation of the wiseacre parlor hypnotist who set out to hypnotize his wife into overcoming her fear of water. He implanted in her a posthypnotic suggestion that she would be able to swim confidently and without fear. He succeeded only too well; the next day, she went for a swim alone, and, cheered by a false sense of confidence in her swimming abilities, went far beyond her depth. Unable to return to shore, she drowned.
>
> Such tragedies result all too frequently from the misuse of hypnotism. Mental and physical injury, hysteria, actual death—these are the fruits of amateur hypnosis.

Recognition of Freud's Point

Although Dr. Woodward is a tremendous enthusiast for the use of hypnosis in connection with all medical problems—childbirth and anes-

thesia, as well as an aid in dredging up buried memories during psychiatric treatment—he makes it plain that hypnotism is nothing more than a useful tool, and cannot he held responsible for success in therapy. For instance, in the course of describing one of the case histories in *Sex and Hypnosis,* Dr. Woodward explains why he did not employ the technique of posthypnotic suggestion in breaking the compulsion of a patient:

> The reader may wonder, at this point, why I did not simply give Elinor this posthypnotic command at the outset, instead of bothering to dredge ancient memories out of her. The answer, of course, is that such a post hypnotic suggestion would have been a fraudulent way of handling Elinor's problem. It's simpler to put a fresh coat of paint on a crumbling wall than to rebuild the wall completely—but the short-term appearance of newness will not keep that wall from collapsing. So, too, I could have given Elinor the *appearance* of marital success, but the real substance would not have been there, and in time the hollowness of the situation would have worked real damage on her.

The only posthypnotic suggestion employed in this case was to allow the patient to feel temporary achievement—a feeling subsequently to be realized consciously, through use of her own will.

H.P.B. ON HYPNOSIS

While the Theosophist is apt to disagree with such a determined advocate as Dr. Woodward in his recommendation for the widespread use of hypnosis—and may feel particularly chary regarding its employment during childbirth—it is also necessary to grant a likelihood of sincerity of intention, and to allow the possibility of partial or complete success in some instances such as those described by H.P.B., in "Hypnotism and its Relation to other Modes of Fascination." This article, first printed in her magazine *Lucifer* for December 1880, answers two questions in respect to hypnotism:

> *May not even the operator be ignorant or unconscious of the bent he is impressing on his subject?*
>
> Unless the "suggestion" made is for the good only of the subject, and entirely free from any selfish motive, a suggestion *by thought* is an act of *black magic* still more pregnant with evil consequences than a *spoken* suggestion. It is always wrong and unlawful to deprive a man of his free-will, *unless for his own or Society's good;* and even the former has to be done with great discrimination. Occultism regards all such promiscuous attempts as black magic and sorcery, whether conscious or otherwise.

Is it wise to hypnotize a patient not only out of a disease, but out of a habit, such as drinking or lying?

It is an act of charity and kindness, and this is next to wisdom. For, although the dropping of his vicious habits will add nothing to his good Karma (which it would, had his efforts to reform been personal, of his own free will, and necessitating a great mental and physical struggle), still a successful "suggestion" prevents him from generating more bad Karma, and adding constantly to the previous record of his transgressions.

Women for Peace

Expressing "profound gratification at the increased understanding of the views of the women of each of our two countries which has resulted from this first conference," a group of representative women from the Soviet Union and the United States recently concluded a meeting at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The list of sponsors and participants included scientists, writers, educators, and civic leaders. Problems were openly stated:

> The developments of modern war technology—nuclear, chemical and biological—have come to a point where not only war itself, but the preparations for it threaten the safety, the well-being and the very survival not only of the nations engaged in the preparations, but of all mankind.
>
> Therefore, we declare our belief in the urgency of taking all necessary measures to meet the danger facing mankind, a danger that grows more acute as the armament race increases in intensity.

A Way Out

The press release continues:

> We believe that, despite the differences in social and economic systems, our two countries must find a way to grow and develop in an atmosphere of peace between ourselves and with the other peoples of the world.
>
> We also recognize that our two tremendously powerful countries have a special responsibility to initiate a system of necessary concrete measures for general and complete disarmament and vigorously to carry them out.

U.N. Endorsed

The principles of a joint statement of agreed principles for Disarmament negotiations by Mr. O. V. Zorin and Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, pre-

sented to the United Nations on September 20, 1961 were endorsed. In addition the participants recommended:

> 1. The increase of exchanges between our two countries of persons of both sexes—students, tourists, and those working in cultural and scientific fields. . . .
>
> 2. The establishment of point research projects . . . in the fields of medical research . . . the exploration of the depths of the oceans, the interior of the earth, and outer space . . .
>
> 3. The establishment under formal international auspices of a research center devoted to problems of peace.

While warfare involves all mankind, combatants are usually thought of as being male. Perhaps this meeting, and the "peace strikes" recently staged by women in the United States, indicate a realization that we are one humanity, capable of affecting one another for good or ill.

New Aurora Theory

To the various scientific opinions regarding the aurora, which H. P. Blavatsky lists in *Isis* I, 417, may be added a recent theory (reported in *Aviation Week,* Jan. 23) advanced by S. I. Akasofu, of the Alaska Geophysical Institute, and Sydney Chapman of the High Altitude Observatory in Colorado. The item reports:

> The theory seeks to explain why the aurora generally appears in the form of one or more long thin bands of light in the east-west direction, mainly at high latitudes, and subsequently breaks up into rayed bands, folded and pleated, while strong earth currents simultaneously appear around the earth in the auroral zone.
>
> Akasofu and Chapman suggest that streams of protons and electrons arriving from the sun, which are trapped by the earth's magnetic field, produce new earth currents and magnetic fields that alter the earth's magnetic field and produce neutral lines of magnetic field—which in turn produce the aurora. The subsequent change in aurora is believed to be due to the growth of an eastward electric field and current along these neutral lines.
>
> If confirmed, this new theory will make it possible to use auroras to determine the condition of earth's magnetic and electric fields near the geomagnetic equatorial plane many thousands of miles out from the earth.